Bero. Yet I haue a tricke,
Of the olde rage: beare with me, I am ſicke.
Ile leaue it by degrees; ſoft, let vs ſee,
Write *Lord haue mercie on vs*, on thoſe three,
They are infected, in their hartes it lyes:
They haue the Plague, and caught it of your eyes;
Theſe Lordes are viſited, you are not free,
For the Lords tokens on you do I ſee.
Quee. No, they are free that gaue theſe tokens to vs.
Berow. Our ſtates are forfait, ſeeke not to vndoo vs.
Roſa. It is not ſo, for how can this be true,
That you ſtand forfait, being thoſe that ſue.
Bero. Peace, for I will not haue to doe with you.
Roſa. Nor ſhall not, if I do as I intende.
Bero. Speake for your ſelues, my wit is at an ende.
King. Teach vs ſweet Madame, for our rude tranſgreſſion
Some faire excuſe.
Quee. The faireſt is confeſſion.
Were not you here but euen now, diſguyſde?
King. Madame, I was.
Quee. And were you well aduiſde?
King. I was faire Madame.
Quee. When you then were heere,
What did you whiſper in your Ladies eare?
King. That more then all the world, I did reſpect her.
Quee. When ſhe ſhall challenge this, you wil reiect her.
King. Vpon mine honour no.
Quee. Peace peace, forbeare: your Oth once broke, you
force not to forſweare.
King. Deſpiſe me, when I breake this oth of mine.
Quee. I will, and therefore keepe it. *Roſaline*,
What did the *Ruſſian* whiſper in your eare?
Roſa. Madame, he ſwore that he did hold me deare,
As precious ey-ſight, and did value me
Aboue this Worlde: adding thereto more ouer,
That he would wed me, or els die my Louer.
Quee. God giue thee ioy of him: the Noble Lord
Moſt honourablie doth vphold his word.

King